Tiger
1921
v.2, no.4

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IPSWICH MASS

THE TIGER

Vol. II. IPSWICH, MASS., JUNE 30, 1921, No. 4

BOARD OF EDITORS

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The Editors of The Tiger wish to thank Julius Bean and William Burke for their able assistance during the absence of Business Managers Tyler and Whittier.

47th Annual Commencement

of the Manning High School

Class of 1921

Thursday, June 30, 1921

PROGRAM

Oh Victorious People,		Chorus
Invocation,		Rev. Frederick Kenyon
In All Labor There is Profit,	(Salutatory)	Irene Atkinson
The Forest Dance,	(Targatt)	Chorus
The Cultivated Man,	(Address)	Gardiner Brown
		President of the Class,
A Dream of Arcady,	(De Koven)	Mary Martel
Americanization.	(Oration)	Nathan Sushelsky
Oh, Hail Us, Ye Free,	("Ernani" Verdi)	Chorus
Non est Vivere sed Valere Vita,	(Valedictory)	Hilda Scales
In Training for America.	(Address)	Rev. Carroll Perry
Presentation of Diplomas,		Herbert W. Mason
		Chairman of School Committee
The Star Spangled Banner,		Chorus

THE LOOKOUT IN THE ALPS

The sun was setting over the Alps, changing the snow clad peaks to rose and gold, making them majestic and inspiring. The golden rays caressingly touched the humble roofs of a little Swiss village, snuggled close under the mountains as if for protection. The water in the small lake near by sparkled and flashed with multitudes of diamonds.

On the worn doorstep of a quaint little shop stood a tall, lean, stoop-shouldered man. From that doorstep he had seen many sunsets come and go. Every sunset for fifteen long years he had stood framed in that rude little doorway, looking down the road and across the lake for a sight of his only son, a handsome lad who had been sixteen when he left home fifteen years ago to make his way in the world. His boy! Blessed word. Surely he must come soon. The old worn mother had long been dead, and the little shop was lonely. Francois had always been a good boy, and faithful to his parens, but he had not been heard from since he left home years ago. He had loved the mountain pastures where he often led the goats. He had loved the flowers, the lake, the scenery, as his fathers did before him. Yet he had not been heard from for fifteen years.

As the peaks turned slowly grey and cold, and the magic of the sunset disappeared, for a single instant the stern, lined face of the watcher on the lookout post was lighted with a smile. Dear Francois! Surely he had not forgotten his old home. He would come soon. How had the world treated his boy? Had it been kind to him? Did he ever think of home? Endless questions! And they could not be answered!

Down the steep, rocky path, past the door of the little shop, a herd of goats came, driven by the young shepherd boys. Francois had driven the goats down that path, singing as these boys were singing now. Tears slowly filled the old man's eyes as he thought of his absent boy. Francois' mother had died with the boy's name on her lips.

The sun had long gone down, but still the solitary watcher remained in the doorway. Suddenly up the steep path came a frisky dog and a little boy of about ten years. When the child came to the house, he stopped and said, "Are you grandpère?"

The old man smiled and answered, "I do not know."

The little boy said, "My name is Rene D'Antos and my father sent me ahead with Pierre, my dog, to find my grandfather who used to live on this road. I have gone far ahead of my father and ma chère maman, and no one can tell me where my grandfather lives. Mes parents will not arrive for some time. Can't you tell me where to find grandpère?"

The old man looked long at the lad. He had seen this face before. To be sure, these eyes were blue and the others were black, but the resemblance was plain, and the name, D'Anton, was his own. Could it be, could it be that Francois had returned with his wife and child, after all these years?

"What is your father's name?" he asked eagerly.

"Father's name is Francois D'Anton, and mother's name was Babette Velpear. I think father said grandpère's name was Jacques D'Anton."

"Well, mon enfant," said the old man, joyful tears showing in his eyes, "You are a welcome visitor. Child, I am your grandpère."

"I am glad because I like you," answered Rene, climbing in the lap of his newly found grandfather, as he sat on the steps.

Soon a tall man and a pretty lady came up the steep path and Pierre ran to meet them.

"Father!" cried the man.

"Francois! At last!" exclaimed the lookout.

"My father, Babette, you cannot know how happy I am to be home once more."

Francois had done well in the world, and had a good business in Paris. He intended soon to return there and take his father with him. He had intended to come home every year, but something always happened to prevent it. When he told his father he must come back with him, his father refused, saying, "I was born and brought up among the Alps and I love them. Here have I lived and here I wish to die."

Slowly the moon rose over the lake, a great full orb of yellow, as it had risen

when D'Anton was a boy, and as it would rise long after he was dead. Its rays lighted up the beautiful group, Rene sleeping in the arms of his grandfather, Pierre with his head between his paws, Babette and Francois looking over the lake. But Madam Moon seemed to look longest at the watcher and the deserted lookout in the Alps.

Dorothy Shaw—1923.

WHICH?

Old Captain Smith is not a very captivating sight;
His trousers bag at both his knees, his coat is never right.
His shoes are not acquainted with a blacking brush or shine,
And he lives in the little house across the way from mine.
Old Captain Smith would never take a prize at a beauty show,
But for a help in time of need he's the surest thing I know.
When father had pneumonia and mother had the flu,
That blessed man came 'round each day to see what he could do.
He isn't one to go around and tell what he has done,
Of all the wood that he has sawed and errands he has run,
But he's ever ready, day or night, a helping hand to lend;
He's the greatest kind of neighbor and I know he is my friend.
Now right next door to Captain Smith lives Deacon Moses Brown,
And on my friend Old Captain Smith he is inclined to frown.
The Deacon's tall and very straight, and a very pious fellow;
In church he'll pray quite long and loud in a voice quite soft and mellow.
His shoes are blacked, his hair is brushed till it glistens in the sun,
And the Deacon is quite prone to boast of the great deeds he has done.
He'll borrow one's whole chest of tools (for that he has a knack),
And then he won't remember to ever bring them back.
But if you happen to be sick and in need of a little help,
Just ask the Deacon for a loan and you'll quickly hear him yell!
Now this is what I wish to ask each reader of this verse,
Which neighbor is my comfort and which neighbor is my curse?

Richard Ralph—1921.

TWO DUELS

In a lonely glen of the Giant Forest, two combatants fought furiously for the love of a fair lady. One of them must have lived about twenty eventful years. He fought with a fiery ardour, while the other was older, and seemed more cool and wary.

The duellists fought alone under the sparkling sun and moving shadows, and except the clash of their swords in some clever parry, not a sound was heard from either, yet there was no unfair play. But the strain was telling on the older man; when a quick thrust of his was easily turned aside by his opponent, he went completely to pieces and lunged wildly, leaving himself quite unguarded. The boy was quick to make use of his opportunity and soon he had given a mortal thrust which laid his rival smirching the clean glass with his spurting blood.

Young Arthur looked at his dying cousin Duval in horror. He had not meant to kill and this was the first time that he had ever fought such a bloody duel. Duval tried to speak, but he could not, and Arthur stared at him fascinated as he watched the life ebb slowly from the man. Then suddenly he turned and ran, gripped by a nameless horror of death.

He did not wish to return with the blood of his cousin staining his hands, to Jeanette, who was the cause of the duel, yet he could not keep away from her. Three days later Jeanette told him she would have nothing to do with him and she wept bitterly when she heard for the first time of Duval's death.

Arthur turned from her with bitter hatred surging in his heart. He had committed a crime for nothing and Jeanette whom he adored, despised him. He commenced to walk in blind anger towards

the scene of his last rendezvous in the Giant Forest. His boyish face had lost its gay frankness and in its place came a look of deep revengeful hatred. He passed a woodcutters' camp where everyone was contented with his work of sawing down the huge oaks and elms for which the forest was famous. Arthur stopped and stared moodily at them for a while and then walked on, planning suicide, while as irresistible force pulled him towards Duval.

All at once he felt a hand strike his ankle. He looked down and discovered the stark body of Duval, which lay immovable with the glassy eyes turned upward to the sky.

"Hell!" cried Arthur in impassioned rage, and drawing his sword, he cut the hand off. The moment he had done it, he was sorry, and to atone for this outrage on a dead man, he clumsily dragged the body towards a spring near by, and dropped it into this, as a substitute for a grave. The clotted blood rose darkly to the surface and as Arthur watched it, he gave an awful demoniacal laugh, for he remembered that the woodcutters drank from this spring and would probably be poisoned thereby.

Even while the horrible laugh echoed through the wood, his mood changed and he fled from the spot as he had run three days before, and with the same unreasoning panic and terror.

That night he was fitfully walking up and down his room with the fire from the huge grate making changing shadows on him and on the wall, when he was startled to find that someone was walking with him. It was his cousin Duval.

"You!" cried Arthur, amazed.

"Yes, my fair cousin, it is I," replied Duval, putting his arm on the other's, and Arthur noticed that the hand was gone.

Duval led him near the fire, where they sat down, one throwing a long sinister shadow half across the room, the other with the light streaming through him.

"We can talk well here," explained Duval, and so they talked for hours, the dead man and the living, of things that had once been of mutual interest to them, of things that had made them fast friends before Jeanette had come into their lives.

At eleven the fire died, at midnight it was extinguished entirely, and in the cold pale dawn there was nothing left but grey ashes. Then the phantom Duval arose with a start and spoke above the low tone in which they had been conversing before.

"I forgot to tell you, cousin Arthur, that I do not consider our duel as finished. With this gauntlet I challenge you, for through this gauntlet I have a debt to pay!" Duval disappeared.

Arthur suddenly awoke to this life and realizing that he had been chatting the whole long night, yarned and stretched and looked wearily out on the unwelcome day.

All at once his eye lighted on Duval's gauntlet. It was the dissected hand. Some strange inward force compelled Arthur to lift this cold dead hand and cry "I accept your challenge."

That night and for several following nights Duval came to talk with Arthur and sit by his fire until the wan dawn warned him away. Finally one night they agreed on a certain day for the duel, and the next morning early Arthur went to keep his appointment by the side of the spring near the woodcutters' camp. The men were already at work and the strokes of their axes came dull and deadened in the morning mist. The two fought a weird, noiseless duel in the dense whiteness, for Duval's sword made no sound even when it clashed with Arthur's in the darkness. For two hours they fought and the fog lifted not a whit.

In all the preceeding nights Arthur had taken his phantom visitor for granted and looked upon him as one of many nightmares in the daytime. This duel he had commenced through no will of his own, and had fought it so far in a half-dazed manner. But suddenly he realized with whom he was fighting. He realized that, though he had killed this man once, he would never conquer him again, and the realization made his hand tremble and a cold perspiration come over him; he made a wild thrust at Duval and pierced him in the exact spot where he had pierced him before. But this time Duval gave no sign, and Arthur, once more overcome by the horror and dread of the unknown, turned and fled. Duval ran after him, driving him with his sword and laughing with a laughter that sounded like an echo of Arthur's own. Arthur plunged through the forest in blind horror till suddenly he saw

looming above him a huge dark shape, and he heard the woodcutters' cry of "Way there" coming out of the fog, He would have turned but he could not, and the giant pine tree came crashing upon him. The last sound he heard was a taunting devilish cackle from Duval.

When the men came to cut the wood, they saw that Arthur's head had been severed from his body, and Arthur's body had been so flattened that it had burst and his lungs had been torn from him. Also they saw a swordsman with a wound in his heart, and one hand gone, standing by and laughing shrilly.

Julia Doughty—1922.

THE JOYS OF HOUSEKEEPING

Oh, the joys of housekeeping!
They are few and far between,
The endless dusting and sweeping
Are far from a perfect dream.
Sweep! Sweep! Use the broom
As much as you will—,
Pa dirties up the room,
He doesn't care a pill.
Straighten the rugs and fix 'em all—
The kitten frisking by,
Running, jumping, chasing his ball,
Moves 'em from where they lie.
Wash up the kitchen floor,
Make it all look neat—
Brother steps inside the door
With his muddy feet.
Wash and wipe the dishes,
Put them all away.
Still your mother's wishes
Keep you from your play.
Take up the holey stockings,
Darn, and warn, and darn;
But *never* escape the mockings
Of the tangled yarn.
Thus on and on tasks go,
And deep into the night,
Swiftly, swiftly, swiftly
Do they keep their flight.

Dorothy Shaw—1923.

SMELTING

To the thin man I say, "If you want to grow stout—
After fifteenth of March—you must just tumble out
Of your bed in the morning betwixt one and three,
And go up to Mill River, along side o' me.
A flashlight or lantern and a pair o' hip boots,
A fish-net, close knitted, and a bag that just suits
Is all that you'll need. When you get there, Oh, Boy!
Wade out in the water and just feel the joy
Of smelting."
To the stout man I say, "If you want to grown thin,
Come along smelting and just wade right in
Close by the sluice-way and hold down your net,
Then wait a few minutes and see what you get.
I'll bet you a quarter you'll laugh and you'll shout,
When the wee silver beauties from your net you dump out.
You won't mind the cold tho' your fingers should freeze,
While you stand in the water way over your knees,
When smelting."
And so you will find them, the thin and the stout,
Up in Mill River with banter and shout,
Catching the smelt as they rush for the sea—
Both old men and young, wide awake as can be,
Forgetting their troubles, each heart full of cheer,
And each one agreeing the best time of the year
Is from fifteenth of March to April, same day,
When they lay aside worries and take up the play
Of smelting.

Richard Ralph—1921.

IN ALL LABOR, THERE IS PROFIT

To the school committee, superintendent, principal, teachers, and friends who are here tonight to help us commemorate the completion of our High School career, we extend our heartiest welcome. Four laborious years have been necessary for the completion of one room of the house of life. Tomorrow we begin another.

Perhaps we feel we have worked arduously in order to attain the little success we have won, but let us consider for a moment the amount of labor expended by those great characters who have climbed high on the ladder of success. Those men have worked unceasingly, but not without reward. Consider the contributions to civilization which those great, hard-working men have made. The professor has reached the stage at which he imparts to less-learned men the knowledge of the ages. The physician lessens human suffering. The business-man controls the industrial and commercial world. The scientist has made discoveries which are almost incredible. The laborer's duties are necessary to the welfare of humanity.

The value of labor lies not only in the finished product, however, but also in the effect which work has upon character. Man is rated by God, not according to the task he accomplishes, but according to the effort he puts into his work. People too seldom realize this truth, which is well expressed in the following selection from Browning:

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done that took the eye and had the price,
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice;
But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God."

We may struggle all our lives, yet never reach the heights from which our ideal beckons to us. Indeed, we should have no fixed goal. We should "hitch our wagon to a star." Success in its broadest sense is never attained. there is always something beyond us, something to strive for, to grasp. A man's soul dies when he becomes thoroughly satisfied with himself and the world. It is the man climbing after an ever-rising ideal, who makes contributions to the civilization of the world.

Yet there are people, and indeed many of them, who labor and labor, yet fail. Some may make early failures into stepping stones to success. Others will struggle, will follow a lofty ideal, but will follow it in vain. Browning refers to the latter class as "high men":

"That low man seeks a little thing to do;
Sees it and does it;
That high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it."

The labor of this apparent failure, has produced, not material, but spiritual fruits; and may it not be, as Browning suggests, "God's task to make the heavenly period perfect the earthen"?

Dear classmates, have we not found during the last four years, that anything really worth while requires much labor? Our High School life, by teaching us the value of work, has prepared us to meet unflinchingly the difficult tasks of life. In the future, as in the past, may we be guided in an upward path by the realization that "In All Labor, there is Profit!"

Irene Atkinson—1921.

AMERICANIZATION

Without doubt, Americanization is one of the most important and most necessary educational movements in our country today. Educating the foreigner regarding the constitution, the rights of citizenship, redress before courts, and the equal opportunities of all people in this country, is of the greatest importance if we wish to make

Americans of the great mass of foreign-born in the United States.

There have been many definitions of the term *Americanization.* At a conference of English teachers who were anxious to promote the movement, the following definition was unanimously adopted: "Americanization is the process of teaching the foreign-born the idioms not only of our language but of our thought; of familiarizing them with American traditions and American ideals; and of encouraging action in harmony with such teaching." Indeed, there might be no better definition of Americanization than that contained in the golden rule, "As ye would that man should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

The foreign-born are illiterate, and they fail to understand American ideals. The task of Americanizing them is, therefore, a great one. No one knew the extent of illiteracy in this country until we entered the Great War. For years we had been boasting of the intelligence of our nation, and of the very small amount of illiteracy in this country. It was always easy for an illiterate to answer "yes" when the canvasser asked, "Can you read and write?" No one was required to prove his answer. When we entered the Great War, it was different. The government got the facts. It discovered that one-fourth of the men in the army were unable to read an American newspaper, or to write a letter to their friends at home. In truth, almost 20 per cent. of the people in the United States are unable to read. In the State of Massachusetts alone there are 300,000 illiterates. That means that an average of almost one person in every ten cannot read.

Not only are the foreign-born ignorant of the English language, but they fail to understand American ideals. Some of them come over here with the idea that the United States is a place in which to make money, and our country signifies nothing else to them. Some think that this is a country where people are taken advantage of and enslaved, and that all are not given equal opportunities. May of the foreigners are influenced by the spirit of radicalism in government. They come here to overthrow law and order. Many do not understand the country which is willing to befriend them.

How can we have a united country if we do not promote Americanization, if we do not teach these foreign-born American principles and ideals, if we do not show them which of their ideas are right and which are wrong? We must show the foreign-born that in this country they have all the rights of citizenship if they attain it. We must show them that not only should they earn an honest living, but they should also interest themselves in the country which has received them, and they should have other ambitions than the pursuit of money, money.

Theodore Roosevelt's last plea was for Americanization. He said: "If he (meaning the immigrant) tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American. There can be no divided allegiance at all.

"We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against civilization. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

Since Americanization is necessary to the welfare of our country, let us consider its aims, and the ways in which they can be realized. Americanization aims to make English the universal language of this country, to preserve the best contributions of the Old World, to add to them the ideals of the New World, and to produce a united people, loyal to America.

The English language is the first necessity. Is it right for foreigners to read papers in their own language, papers which tell them to "Fight for Italy," or "Fight for Greece"? We must show the foreign-born who have settled here, that America, and not the land from which they came, is the country to which they must devote themselves.

The immigrants in an English-speaking country must know English. It is a handicap to be ignorant of the language. They must be able to address English-speaking people, read common signs and warnings in the streets, and write letters. They can-

not live without English in this country.

By this I do not mean that we should Americanize by force. I advocate patience and sympathy in dealing with these people. Teach them English, and they themselves will begin to read American newspapers. We cannot take away from their minds by force their ideas of radical government. Force has never been successful in overcoming an idea. Ideas must be fought with ideas. I advocate Americanization that will win over the foreign-born by instruction rather than by force. If we should resort to force, our method would not be American, for America is the country of toleration and fair play.

In order that we may succeed, we must have co-operation, societies, chambers of commerce, churches, clubs, factories, mills, and communities must unite in this work.

Many mills have been teaching their employees Americanism. They have large classes maintained in the company's time. These mills and factories have realized that a foreman can better communicate with those under him if they speak the same language that he does, and that the laborer can do his work better if he knows the English language, because he can understand directions and warnings.

Many societies and clubs have endeavored to do their part. Money is being *contributed* by them toward the welfare of the foreign-born. Many communities are working for Americanization. Night schools are maintained in which every-day English is taught. The foreign-born are taught the way to keep their homes. Recreation is provided for their children. Many communities are engaged in this kind of work. I commend the town of Ipswich and those in Ipswich who are working to promote the welfare of the foreign-born. The whole country, however, must be united in the task.

We must also eliminate racial hatred. At present was exclude the foreign-born from society, we scorn them, and we refuse to live near them. Americanization can never succeed thus.

Give the immigrant a chance, teach him, treat him sympathetically and patiently, and he will become a good American. Many of the prominent men in the country came from foreign lands. They have succeeded. Others will succeed, and some day we shall be proud of them.

Let us all unite in forming a country in which everyone shall be a true American, and do his best for his country and his flag. Let us hope that the United States will always be a country to which all its inhabitants can proudly say:

"Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not the rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests' roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are *all* with thee,—are all with thee!"

Let us hope that our country will always stand among the nations of the world as a country whose ideals are liberty and justice.

Nathan Sushelsky—1921.

THE CULTIVATED MAN

Before studying the characteristics of a cultivated man, let us consider the definition of the word *culture*. The "Encyclopædia Brittanica" says that culture is the art of tilling and preparing the earth for crops.

We are all familiar with the condition of the soil in the spring. The ground is then sterile, poor, and unfruitful, a soil from which satisfactory crops cannot be raised. Such is the untrained mind. During his high school career, the pupil works upon his mind as the farmer does upon his land. He systematically trains his mind that he should reap a satisfactory harvest. At graduation the pupil's mind is like the cultivated soil, rich and fertile, a land from which great things are expected, and from which he shall reap all that he has sowed, nothing more.

At the graduation season there should be planted and slowly growing in the student's mind, the seeds of true culture. The first of these is freedom, freedom from all habits which may enslave him. Habit is like a cord to which we add a fibre each day, till at last it becomes so strong that we cannot break it. The thundering cataract is formed from the union of many small streams of water, so from an act often repeated an overpowering habit results. Laziness, negligence, and self-indulgence are often chains binding the man

who has yielded to them. Freedom, therefore, freedom from all overpowering habits is the first essential of true culture.

Education is likewise essential to the cultivated man. He cannot deal effectively with the present, nor can he plan successfully for the future unless he knows the past. From his study of history he learns the most successful manner of dealing with perplexing problems. His study of literature reveals to him the human soul, its ambitions, its sufferings, and its ideals. Indeed, education is the very foundation of culture.

It is largely by the light of one's education that he regulates his conduct. From isolated facts and experiences he arranges a system of values, a philosophy by which to direct his life. The cultivated man must appreciate the relative importance of everything in life. Then can he choose his friends because of their true worth. Then will he be able to place himself in the position of those who are to be affected by his acts. If he has a true sense of proportion, trifles will not vex him. He will see the value of honor, he will be considerate of the old and weak, and he will be courteous, sympathetic, and reverent.

Reverence is, indeed, essential to culture. Every cultivated man should know the "Bible," use its valuable teachings, and feel the influence of an unseen power in his life.

Our minds are now like fertile soil. In them have been planted the seeds of true culture: The desire for greater freedom from enslaving habits, the ambition to attain a broader education, and the ideal of developing a true sense of proportion. May the soil yield an abundant harvest!

Gardner Brown—1921.

NON EST VIVERE SED VALERE VITA

Not merely to exist but to amount to something is life! Every one agrees with us, Classmates, yet how few realize the full significance of our motto! Like us, others are striving to rise above themselves, to amount to something in the truest sense.

Yet what do we all mean by *amount to something*? Who sets the standard of true worth? Shall we strive to emulate the man who has reached a high social position in life, or the man who is a financial success? Is the man truly worth while, the genius who, through sudden inspiration, has rendered a great service to the world, or is he the earnest, steady worker who does humble duties well? Friends and Classmates, let us acknowledge our incompetence to judge one another.

True worth can be estimated only by a personal test. We can not know how much time and effort a man's seeming success has cost him. Of two men who have become presidents of equally important banks, one may have inherited his position, while the other was struggling through poverty and lack of education to attain his. Therefore, arbitrary standards of material accomplishments can not weigh true worth.

Nor can we judge ourselves fairly, unless we have developed lofty standards of judgment and are honest with ourselves. We must be as severe in condemning our own faults as we would be in condemning similar faults in others. If we do not deliberately close our eyes to the truth concerning ourselves, we can see it. Others may be deceived by appearances, but the truth concerning ourselves is ever at our command.

In order to make our lives amount to something, we must depend upon ourselves and make the most of every opportunity,

"For whatever success is, it won't come your way
Unless you keep coaxing it on,
If you just leave off trying, you'll wake up one day
To find that your chances have gone."

We must do our best on every occasion, whether we are cleaning streets or guiding a nation.

We all know the story of Abraham Lincoln. An ambitious clerk in a country store, he spent his few spare moments in study and finally became one of the most honored and beloved Presidents of the United States. Through his strength of character he gave the death blow to slavery, which threatened the cherished democracy of our land.

Florence Nightingale, founder of the Red Cross, is another who loved humanity. She dedicated her life to something worth while, to the glorious work of saving the lives of her fellow-men. Her memory is honored by all who know her noble work.

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS TO BOYS

I was sitting, sadly thinking
That the time was drawing near,
When our school years would be ended,
And my classmates, loved and dear,
Would be scattered hither, thither,
In office, school, and college,
And the whole world would be profiting
By our stored-up fund of knowledge.
A happy thought came to me then,
That before the time to part,
The girls through me could give the boys
Some gifts, straight from the heart.
Then I thought, "What could we give them?
What would each one prize?
Must it be small and tiny?
Or of tremendous size?"
To give Richard Ralph a doughnut,
And Gardner Brown a tart,
And Lawrence King a biscuit,
Would break Howard Doughty's heart.
How could we plan this matter?
I thought of this and that,
And then I had a big idea,
I'd ask my yellow cat.
"Now Toolie dear," I said to him,
"What shall these tokens be?"
He answered, wise as Solomon,
"Well, now, let me see.
There's Gardner Brown, he's handsome, strong,
And gifted beyond telling;
He only needs a little hoop
To keep his head from swelling.
And Billy would a-wooing go,
He is an ardent swain;
To get to Wenham quickly then,
Give him a choo-choo train.
Lawrence is a tiny tot,
But his mark he's got to make;
So to start him on his road to fame
Raise him up on a yeast cake.
You reach a man's heart through his stomach,
Is a saying the wise men make;
So that's why it would be a pleasure
For you to give Howard a cake.
Maynard Whittier, fond of drawing,
Would like crayons, that's plain to see;
But a little book for engagements,
Of more use to Maynard will be.
A jitney to Ralph should be given
For himself and the girl he likes best,
And so from that hugging and spooning,
The Rowley passengers then can rest.
Now this gift should be given to Nathan,
For he is Class Baby you see,
And what without his bottle
Yould life to a baby be?
Witham likes to play hockey and ball
And would like to join the Red Sox,
But we'll give him this little token,
To show tacks should be kept in a box.
Now you could give Richard a rattle
Or you could give him a rose
Or you could give him a hanky
To wipe his dear little nose.
But all these are rather trivial
And might make Richard feel mean,
So just give him a little wash cloth
To keep his ears and neck clean."
Then Toolie stopped perplexed and said,
"This Houghton I don't know,
And so I'll leave to you, my dear,
The last gift to bestow."
So I give to you, Houghton,
Knowing well you will hold it dear,
The honor of 1921,
To guard for us year after year.

Catherine Caldwell—1921.

SOCIAL NEWS

Memorial Day exercises were held in the Hall on Friday, May 27. The pupils escorted the Grand Army and members of the American Legion from the Town Hall to the Manning Hall in a very creditable manner. The program opened with the singing of "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" by the school chorus. This was followed by a recitation by Alcie Harris, "The Bivouac of the Dead." The "Gettysburg Address" was delivered by Nathan Sushelsky. Interesting addresses were given by the commander of the Grand Army, Mr. Charles W. Bamford, and by Mr. Luther Waite. The exercises closed with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

In "The Pioneers," a short pageant given Class Day, the part of the Pioneer Man was taken by Fred Witham, the Pioneer Woman by Ruby Earley; Powers of the Forest, Esther Bisson, Emma Haley; Powers of the River, Ardace Savory, Hilda Scales; Spirit of the Wilderness, Mary Martel; Mist Maidens, Katherine Reddy, Irene Atkinson; Fever, Anna Narkun; Famine, Gertrude Chapman; Death, Maynard Whittier.

The heroic Joan of Arc, likewise, sacrificed her most precious possession, her life, for her country. May these and other noble characters guide us in all we undertake and help to raise our standard of true worth. May we be inspired by their unselfishness, their willingness to sacrifice everything for an ideal!

Every normal person has a chance to make something of his life, but to some Fate has been more kind than to others. We, for example, have a start in life which many do not have. We have a foundation on which to build, we have the elements of an education, and our path in life is not so rocky as it would otherwise be.

Our high school education is a step in the direction of that wisdom for which we all aim and which can give us a broader and deeper understanding of true worth.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom
And the man that getteth understanding,
For the gaining of it is better than the gaining of silver,
And the profit thereof, than fine gold.

* * * * *

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her,
And happy is everyone that retaineth her."

We, the Class of 1921, shall never forget the great debt which we owe to our parents, to our School Committee, Superintendent, Principal, Teachers, and Friends, who have co-operated in giving us our education. In behalf of my Class I wish to express our most sincere thanks to one and all.

Classmates, by making our lives amount to something, we can best repay those who have done so much for us. May we show our appreciation to them by keeping always in mind our class motto, "Non est Vivere sed Valere Vita-"

Hilda Scales—1921.

CLASS HISTORY

I suppose to do up this thing in proper style, I should follow traditions and invoke the muse of history. I spent three-quarters of an hour looking for her, and I found that the name of the dame is Clio. Clio, who looks a great deal like Miss Caldwell when that young lady, in righteous wrath, demands from some naughty little boy, Hodgkins or Brown for instance, her beautiful vamp comb studded with diamonds from the Rhine—Clio bent and whispered in my ear.

It seems that in the year of our Lord 1917, a certain Freshman class gathered beneath the roof of this gorgeous assembly hall. The class contained members from all the country side. There were some from that infinitesimal molecule, Rowley; some from Ipswich Village, one of our suburbs; and some from an outlying town called Hamilton. The first class meeting was held one rainy afternoon, and the vote for class President stood thus: Hayes 16, Hodgkins 11. There were 16 boys and 11 girls voting.

If Clio is not mistaken that was the first year in which a certain gentleman told us that "Dudge-ball hiss ferry gut for ze breesing. 1-2-3-4."

It was in the Sophomore year that the bench first came into use as an instrument of torture. Here Clio winked at the other muses in a very unmuseful manner and asked me if I remembered who first occupied that bench. Me miserum! I should say I did remember who occupied that bench first. The spinal curvature hasn't gone away yet.

In the Junior year everybody burst into so-called music, and Captain Cross-bones was the result. Miss Martel was the charming senora, and she fainted a most beautiful faint. It was a perfect parabola, and unfortunately for those behind, who happened to be brother King and myself, it gathered speed as it went. Mr. Whipple says that a person merely standing still and holding up two tons does not do work, but O my, O my! Then the curtain went up a second time with Mary still reclining in our arms. I'll call on brother King to testify that he could not lift his arms for three days afterwards. However, Mary's voice and gown made up for it.

The end of the Junior year was marked for four or five of us by examinations in Beverly. All I can remember of that eventful period was the frightful indigestion caused by a hot-dog consumed in haste at Salem. Seems to me I do dimly remember Sushelsky's temporary loss of mind at Salem. It seems he did try to persuade the fair check lady at the hash house that he had eaten only 25 doughnuts; but she counted 32 holes, and so he lost. Hodgkins tried to get away without paying her at all, but that was a dismal failure.

The Senior year has been full of events, which are so near to us that they can hardly be called *History*. Each member of the class has risen on his feet in class meeting. Houghton feels strongly that we ought to leave the class dues to buy a new set of evil smells for the laboratory. He also favors cyanide of potassium dressing for the salad at the banquet. But Miss Hales says, "No!" She wants Prussic Acid. Personally, we think corrosive sublimate would be very tasty. Miss Narkun and Miss Bisson say they'd love the olives painted with white lead, they'd look so pretty.

Miss Russell and Hodgkins are now conjugating *amo, amare* in all moods and tenses. Miss Savory has been indulging in fishing and has made several good catches. Miss Scales and Miss Atkinson have been meditating their orations, and Ralph has been meditating poetry, with occasional lapses into deer-hunting. Witham and Whittier have been demonstrating that the *South* side can be defeated by the High School nine times out of every ten. Miss Farley has finally decided to be J. P. Morgan's private secretary, and Miss Reddy is going to be Rockefeller's. Miss Chapman is wondering when the center of population will move out to Pine Swamp, and the Town Hall adorn Turkey Hill.

But, alas, Clio thinks it is compromising to be talking to a good-looking young man like me for such a long time, so I shall have to slip her two bits, and make way for the Prophet. You have heard the past and present. now listen to the future.

Howard Doughty—1921.

CLASS PROPHECY

It was at the Pilgrim Tercentenary that this strange, weird message came to me. I had spent a jolly evening with some friends and had just returned to my room. Suddenly an irresistible longing to see that far-famed Rock came to me. Slowly and cautiously I started forth. I kept in the shadows and finally managed to creep past the guard. After much hard work, I entered the enclosure that held the Rock.

I had just seated myself comfortably on the Rock when a misty cloud enveloped me. Looking sharply into this cloud I perceived four dear figures. They drew closer. With delight I recognized them. They were my historical friends Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. They formed a ring around me. Then Columbus, tapping the edge of the Rock, called for my attention.

In a slow chant all four repeated together:

"Ah! We have come! We have come once more. Each year we come. The destiny of all good citizens is known to us. Come, brother (turning to me), come with us and we will show you your classmates as they will look fifteen years hence."

I felt that I was moving through space and I knew that the journey had started. Suddenly we stopped in front of a massive brick mansion. Columbus pointed to it and slowly began to speak.

"Anna has defied the armorous glances of many suitors and is now tutoring for that wealthy family. She is doomed to be an old ma—er—an elderly spinster the rest of her life."

We started on again, but Columbus continued to speak:

"Tall, vamping, dancing Ardace is still vamping and breaking the hearts of her countless followers."

There was a pause. Suddenly Columbus pointed into the distance. There I could see a pretty, vine-covered bungalow, On the porch sat Catherine Caldwell, feeding tiny chickens that were running about her. She had a smile on her face and I knew she was happy. I was aroused once more by Columbus:

"Fred it still putting tacks in chairs. He is a chair repairer."

Silence followed this assertion. Ahead of us lay the National Capital. Peeping through a window, I saw a mammoth reception in progress. I turned for an explanation.

"Emma's father is now a national Senator and Emma is a Washington belle."

I looked once more and in a corner stood Emma in a fancy evening gown. She was easily the prettiest girl there. Washington took up the tale as we moved northward.

"Gardner starred in the dramatic club at college. He is now acting for the Rowley Film Corporation. He is sure of success. Gertrude Chapman is now employed by a large business house as a stenographer and typist."

Just as he told me this last piece of news we reached New York City. After moving down the main thoroughfare for a short time we reached a large university. There

I saw Gerald Houghton. His hear was disheveled and he looked very excited. Washington explained:

"Illustrious Gerald is hailed the world over as a second Einstein. He is doing the impossible."

We entered a first-class dining room on exclusive Fifth Avenue. A waitress came to take our order. It was Esther Bisson! She failed to recognize me and I was glad. Esther was a waitress!

Shortly after, we left the dining room. As we walked slowly down the avenue, we passed a fashion shop. Looking at the door I saw the names *Scales & Atkinson,* and within I saw two of my former classmates. busily engaged in selling finery to the exclusive set of New York.

We started forth again and took a train for Boston. After we were comfortably seated, I saw a newspaper in the hands of an elderly gentleman ahead of me. My curiosity was awakened. I glanced over his shoulder at the comic sheet and read the author's name. It was Lawrence King.

"Yes, he is known as the second 'Bud' Fisher," said Washington as he touched me with his elbow.

Lincoln interrupted here.

"You remember Howard Doughty? He is keeping up the reputation of Ipswich. He is engaged in the clam-digging business."

At this moment a tall, stately lady entered, followed by seven children. Lincoln spoke again.

"Ruby's lack of faithfulness to you was shown in the mock trial. She is now selling tickets at the Ipswich Opera House."

Roosevelt interrupted,

"Billy Hayes has changed. He is now a pious, reverend priest. His new name is Cardinal Hayes."

Again I felt myself moving through space. Washington's voice came o me,

"There are still two others we haven't visited, but it is too late now. On Green Street, Ipswich, Muriel is practicing elocution, with Richard as an attentive audience."

The cloud cleared away and the figures began to disappear. I called but they were gone, and I was alone on Plymouth Rock.

Richard H. Ralph—1921.

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS TO GIRLS

One warm, sultry day recently, I fell asleep, completely overcome by the difficulties presented in Milton's "Lycidas."

My slumbers were by no means peaceful and unbroken, as those of an innocent child should be. The duty of finding suitable gifts for the young ladies of my class had been, for some time, oppressing my mind and troubling my slumbers. Burke, Shakespeare, and Johnson, likewise, haunted my dream.

On this particular occasion, Burke appeared first and addressed me in his broad Irish brogue. I shrank back in awe, as I always do at the mere mention of his name, but I listened with respect.

"Richard, my boy," he said, "since you have devoted so much of your valuable time to a thorough study of my works, I feel it my duty to help you. Since you are to present gifts to the young ladies of your class, the first question is what those gifts should be. Therefore, for Miss Earley, with all due respect to her, I suggest this cabbage. I do this, because in the mock trial she was sentenced, I am informed, to cook for the rest of her life, boiled dinners for her deserting husband. To Miss Savory these fortune telling cards may be acceptable. To Miss Narkun, Miss Haley, and Miss Scotton, I think these jitneys should be given, in order that their daily trips from Rowley may be made easier. For Miss Russell I have this hoe. I understand that she is interested in farmeretting, and doubtless she will be able to make good use of this little tool.

Gradually Burke faded away, and Johnson's huge form came rolling into view. Again I shrank back, but I gave him my respectful attention.

"For Miss Reddy," he began, " I have this dog. May it be a reminder of the happy hours she spent with the 'beast' when she was 'beauty' at the *County Fair.* To Miss Martel this contract to sing for five years in the 'Rowley Grand Opera' may prove acceptable. To Miss Chapman I suggest that you give this recommendation for a busniess position."

Next came Shakespeare, dismissing Johnson with a "Hence! Home, ye idle creature, get ye home!" For Miss Scales and Miss Atkinson, at his suggestion, I selected these chains which symbolize the bond of

Friendship by which they were always bound together. For Miss Bisson I have this little store, in which she may open a fashion shop, and I think I can assure her of the patronage of all the young ladies of the town.

For Miss Caldwell, I have this note book, and in it, especially suggested by Shakespeare, are a few rhyme words which she may be able to use in her poems. The first are *tam, lamb, Sam.*

What a look of rage! I'll off and give her the stage.

Richard Hodgkins—1921.

ODE: CLASS OF 1921

(Tune of Welsh Hymn, "Ton-y-Botel")
Now at last our course is finished
And the corner-stone is laid;
Straight the years stretch on to the future
And the start in life is made;
And what all have done before us,
Each one of us soon will do:
Live and love and work and suffer,
Then we'll join Death's myriad crew.
Peaked rocks and flounting jungles,
Desert sands and stretching plain,
Cities towering to the heavens,
Islands in the azure main,
All yield up to death, their master,
Thousands of thousands infinite;
We, a handful lost in millions,
Soon are gone in conquering night.
If no trace of us stays after,
Passing to a dim beyond,
We stand lost in millions countless,
Why by right and truth be bound?
Why fix lines 'twixt vice and virtue?
Why the choice 'twix good and bad,
Since to dust we part forgotten
And are partners of the sod?
God thinks not of us in thousands,
For He judges each by each;
But this should not be what sways us
After right and truth to reach.
Life upon this earth is fleeting,
To draw from it all we can
Is to crown the mind with virtue,
Thus to make the finished man.

H. N. Doughty, Jr.—1921.

ATHLETICS

Baseball

The team this year was not so good as the majority of former teams have been. While the players as individuals were as good as their opponents, the team lacked the organization which only coaching and regular practice can give.

Dondero, Kalaboke, M. Whittier, Brown, and Swasey have played good baseball throughout the season.

The following games were played:

Alumni	5—M. H. S. 16	
Dummer	8—M. H. S. 1	
Groveland	9—M. H. S. 8	(10 innings)
Georgetown	0—M. H. S. 16	
Merrimac	7—M. H. S. 2	
Dummer	18—M. H. S. 1	
Saugus	12—M. H. S. 4	
Salem	11—M. H. S. 4	
Manchester	6—M. H. S. 5	
Merrimac	5—M. H. S. 3	
Groveland	1—M. H. S. 14	
Danvers	12—M. H. S. 11	(10 innings)
Johnson	7—M. H. S. 8	

Although we lose Brown, Witham, Whittier, and Hayes, the outlook for next year is good. If everyone who played this year is eligible and a coach is obtained, we should have a winning team.

Field Day

Field day was a success in every way. There was much competition as every class hoped to gain the most points and win the cup. The Sophomores won, with the Junior High a close second.

The boys from the Junior High made a very good showing. This may be due partly to the fact that he contestants were divided so that each one was competing with boys his own size.

Burke's work in the Senior 440 and the jumping of Kent, Ralph, and Kalaboke were features of the afternoon. J. Callahan was the high scorer of the day, winning 21 points.

ALUMNI NEWS

47 Washington Street,
Ipswich, Mass..
June 12, 1921.

Dear Manning:

Do you realize how many of our alumni are graduating from college this year? There are Harold and "Cliff" Bolles from Harvard, Everett Tucker from "Tech," and Pauline Goodh e from Mt. Holyoke, Thelma Damon and Margaret Reilly are graduating from Salem Normal. Besides these, Lucy Sturgis and Edith Spyut lately finished at Burdett. And I'm sure there must be more than I don't know of. Old Ipswich is well represented in some of our leading colleges this fall, don't you think so?

We seem to be rather well represented in the various lawyers' offices in town also. "Bea" Connor is in Mr. Welsh's, Elsie Harris in Mr. Raymonds', and Althea Hayes in that of her father, Judge Hayes.

I wonder what has become of Sam Gordon and Austin Caverly? A short time ago they were taking a post-graduate course, but it seems to be a case of "now you see 'em, now you don't." We notice that Mary Nurse is still with us.

Did you know that Cleola Davis had been ill again? She has been trying to take a post-graduate course but she's had many interruptions. She was out-doors for the first time Memorial Day and seems to be getting better.

Well, Manning, this is my first report and a very poor one. I have high hopes of doing something wonderful for you when school begins in September.

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Bamford.

The annual concert of the Glee Club was held on Wednesday evening, June 8. This year the program was an operetta in two acts, "The Wild Rose." The part of Rose MacCloud was taken by Mary Martel; other characters were Bobby, the buttons, Kathaleen Harrigan; Lady Grey, Ruth Marr; Miss Forsythe, Catherine Ryan; Madam Feathertop, Mary Richardson; Madam Smellsweet, Elsie Marr; Madam Sewseams, Mildred Mackinney; Mrs. Fussy, Marjorie Gillis; Mrs. Doinggood, Christine Moulton; Miss Talkalot, Esther Webber; Reporters, Ruby Earley, Alcie Harris; Debutantes, Hilda Scales, Beatrice Tufts, Beatrice Smith, Evelyn Bamford; Shorus of maids, Irene Atkinson, Alice Scott, Dorothy Harrigan, Charlotte Ames, Hazel Smith, Martha Gillis, Madeline Chase, Dorothy Hills. The play was very successful and all of the parts were well taken. Candy was sold between the acts and a bouquet of roses was presented by the girls to Mrs. Tozer.

Class Day was held in the school hall on Tuesday, June 28. The class History was given by Howard Doughty and the Prophecy by Richard Ralph. Richard Hodgkins presented gifts to the girls and Catherine Caldwell presented gifts to the boys.

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